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LOOKING FORWARD.

What we shall see at the end of the 51st Congress in 1891.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Ranner.

Wednesday, October 8th, 1890. — No. 709.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WELL, THE McKinley Millennium is at hand. The Tariff has been "revised by its friends," and it would n't know itself from a Chinese wall. Everybody must pay more for everything, and so everybody is going to be better off. The farmer must pay more for the necessities of life; so, of course, he is going to pay his hands more—for they, also, have to pay more for the necessities of life. The artisan, the mechanic, the shop-keeper, must all pay more for what they buy. Of course they will restore the natural balance of things by paying their employees better. It is perfectly simple, is n't it?—as simple as any thing in "Alice in Wonderland."

It is so simple that a plain citizen is driven to wonder why, if the McKinley theory is correct, and high prices and prosperity must necessarily walk hand in hand, the Republican majority in Congress did not bring about the glorious result that they have achieved, by the far simpler means of a law decreeing that a dollar shall hereafter be called an eagle, and a dime a dollar, and a cent a dime. It would really have been a much more popular measure. Think how grateful a dollar-a-day workingman would feel if he could realize that by grace of the Republican party, he walked home every pay-day with sixty dollars in his pocket, instead of the six he got before!

Of course, he would not feel so grateful when he came to the further realization of the facts that his two dollars for rent must thereafter be twenty; and that chuck-steak was sixty cents a pound, instead of six; and that a seventy-five cent shirt was seven dollars and fifty cents under the new system. But then, these little drawbacks are inseparable from the McKinley idea. The old scheme of lifting yourself up by your boot-straps works just the same way in finance that it works in any other application.

Artificial values will remain artificial values so long as a pint is a pound, the world around. Congress may say to the manufacturer of a certain article, "Here, you may charge a dollar more for your product than you now charge; and we will see that no foreign manufacturer undersells you." But Congress only raises the price of the article. Congress can not increase its value a dollar's worth to the man who has to buy it. He is out of pocket by the transaction, when he buys the article at the new price—and he is out of pocket just one dollar. You see, it is the old boot-strap theory, so far as national prosperity is involved. Congress has not added a dollar to the common stock. It has merely shifted a dollar from one man's pocket to another's. Of course, the man with the dollar in his pocket is more prosperous. But the man with the empty pocket is less prosperous. Andrew Carnegie is richer. Plain John Smith is poorer. Great is McKinley!

But, the manufacturer being the richer by a dollar, perhaps he will divide that dollar with his employees? Perhaps he will. But Congress, singularly enough, has omitted to pass a law instructing him to do so. Until that law is passed, it is unlikely that the employer will go back on the principle that has guided his course for a life-time, and buy his labor at any higher rate than the market rate. Perhaps, too, the manufacturer being a dollar's worth richer, he will buy more bread, and put up prices in the wheat market, and so benefit the farmer—if the farmer is ever able to get within six months of the ruling prices in the wheat market. Perhaps he will. But we are of the opinion that he has all the bread—and all the cake—that he wants, already.

Chicago has undertaken a vast responsibility, and it is sincerely to be hoped that she will show, beyond peradventure, that she is capable of performing the weighty task she has imposed upon herself. We have never believed that the work of organizing and conducting a World's Fair could be properly done outside of a metropolis—to accept the inappropriate word which it is the custom to use to designate the chief city of a nation

—not the capital, necessarily; but the largest, the richest, the most important of a nation's towns. It is against all precedent that a World's Fair should be held in a city of the second order. World's Fairs, as a rule, do not fall to the lot of the Birminghams and Manchesters, the Marseilles and the Lyons, the Hamburgs and the Kölns. But Congress has decreed that Chicago shall be allowed to hold a World's Fair, as the representative of the whole country; and the one duty that lies before Chicago is to make that World's Fair such an exhibition as may, indeed, fitly represent this great nation before the other nations of the world.

The people of Chicago are not lacking in energy. They have built up a burned-down city. They have made it the second city in the land. They have shown, on innumerable occasions, that they possess an "untrammelled initiative." But they have taken upon themselves a work beyond any thing they have hitherto attempted, and the credit and honor of the United States is concerned in their successful conduct of this work. The standard of such exhibitions has been set by Paris; and the achievement of Paris must be equaled or excelled. To accomplish this, in the short time allowed her, Chicago must exert her utmost power. If an International Fair, worthy of the name is to be held, Chicago must lose no time in setting about it. The success or failure of the scheme is not a local matter. It involves the good name and reputation of the whole country.

This is not Chicago's World's Fair: it is the World's Fair of the United States. The Congress of the United States has selected Chicago as the representative city of the Union; and this is Chicago's chance to do her best, not only for herself, but for the nation. She has taken a great contract, under discouraging circumstances. She has engaged to produce an International Exhibition within two years. It is certainly a great contract; but Chicago has taken great contracts before, and she has filled her contracts. This, however, is her biggest contract yet, and she has no time to waste in carrying it out. Let her take a leaf out of New York's book. Shilly-shallying, procrastination and hesitation lost the day for New York, when her weak and divided committee presented her claims to Congress. Such incertitude should be avoided in all public affairs. Chicago has one plain duty before her. Not for her sake only, but for the sake of the whole country, let her, now that she has settled her private wrangle over the "site" of the Fair, go ahead, and start with her World's Fair in good earnest. In her own vernacular, let Chicago "hump herself."

QUALIFIED.

"What do you intend to do with your boy, Tom?"
"I'll try to make him editor of a daily newspaper."
"Good! Has he shown any literary tastes?"
"No; but I've never known him to be satisfied with any thing in his life!"



A BRIGHT DETECTIVE.

INSPECTOR OF POLICE.—Why did n't you report at eleven o'clock, as I told you to? It is after twelve now!
DETECTIVE.—Confound it, sir, one of those pickpockets I was shadowing has stolen my watch!



CARDS FOR NEXT JUNE.

PHILADELPHIA GIRL.—I feel lost here in all this noise and hurry of New York.

NEW YORK MAN.—If "findings is keepings," Miss Fairmount, I'll head a search party.

OCTOBER.

THIS is old gold-stoled October,
In its glowing flowing gown;
And its spirit, blithe and sober,
All the woodland's gay disrober,
Turns the grasses gray and brown.
Not a vestige
Of the prestige
Now remains of Summer's crown.

Through the wood the brooklet babbles
In melodious unrest,
While the small boy coyly dabbles
In his neighbor's fruit, or scrabbles
Barefoot, free of hat and vest,
Like Terpsichore,
Up the hickory
For the ashen hornet's nest.

Through the valley, gloom-invaded,
Plaintively the redferns sigh,
While the shaded, jaded, faded
Ribbon grasses, zephyr-braided,
Are paraded far and nigh,
And the vesper
Hour sees Hesper
Like a scarf-pin deck the sky.

On the branch the leaf is curling
Like the caudal of a pug,
And a lilac mist 's unfurling,
All the touchful scene impearling,
While the humble tumble-bug
Gaily tumbles,
Bumps and stumbles
Round his glossy, mossy rug.

As the days are waxing duller,
Ceres wanders by the weir,
Ruddy as a homespun cruller—
In the drifting, shifting color
Sail her ringlets, gold and sere,
While beguiling
She is smiling—
On the corn—from ear to ear.

R. K. M.

AN EARNEST CONVERT.

COL. HOOKS.—I hear you have been converted, Uncle 'Rastus.

UNCLE 'RASTUS.—Yes, sah; I'se done got religion, suah.

COL. HOOKS.—No more chicken-stealing, eh?

UNCLE 'RASTUS.—No, indeed, sah!

COL. HOOKS.—And no more playing policy?

UNCLE 'RASTUS.—Well, sah, I *buys* de policy slips; but I makes 'em de subjec' ob a *pow'*ful deal ob pra'r, sah.

CIVIC PRIDE.

PARKE ROWE.—Brooklyn people seem to take great pride in their home institutions.

POTTER BELDING.—How do you mean?

PARKE ROWE.—I've just got a letter from Dekalb Wallabout. He's out in the Yosemite region, and he speaks of it as the Prospect Park of the West.

AN ERRONEOUS PROVERB.

MISS O'RALLY.—Now, Freddy, I will hear you recite your history lesson!

FREDDY.—Oh, I guess not!

"Freddy, what do you mean?"

"'History repeats itself,' you know."

A DIFFERENCE.

AGNES.—Jack is in love with you.

MARIE.—Nonsense!

AGNES.—That's what I said when I heard it.

MARIE.—How dared you!

STILL ON DECK.

"Rats desert a sinking ship."

"Well, if that is true, our Ship of State must still be safe."



THE MONKEY JACKET.

A Fraternal Greeting.

ANOTHER IDIOT.

JACK.—Did n't you have your revolver in your hand when you saw the burglar?

TOM.—Oh, yes!

JACK.—Well, why did n't you shoot at him?

TOM.—I did n't know the confounded thing was loaded.



ON THE FRONT PLATFORM.

CHORUS. { I have it.
I hef it.
I hef it.
I have it.

CONDUCTOR (taking four fares from one of them).—T'ree av yez hov it now, any how.

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XLII.

SANTA FÉ, N. MEX.



SANTA FÉ is situated one thousand miles from anywhere else, and eighteen from Lamy Junction. The latter is a half-sister to our childhood friend,

"Now I Lamy down to sleep,"

and is of the same retiring disposition.

Santa Fé was founded in 1580 by a Spanish tramp who has since removed to a lower altitude. Please bear witness that I gave you the correct date. It may be necessary for me to tarry in Santa Fé yet a little longer; and the fate of the imprudent savant who discovered indubitable proof that the place was n't founded till 1605 is still fresh in my mind.

The altitude of Santa Fé comes high, but we must have it. It is 7,000 feet nearer heaven than New York; and while the natives are in no haste to go higher, they realize how fortunate heaven is in its choice of neighbors.

The Santa Fé River flows through the middle of the town, except when a trout, in trying to wade up the cañon, serves a temporary injunction on the flow.

The chief strain of conversation is the fineness of the climate. Every one of the three hundred fine days of the year is commented upon by every one of the inhabitants with all the enthusiasm of the original patentee. A storm is welcomed as a relief to the monotony of eternal sunshine; and the worse the storm, the greater the relief. Shivering tourists in furs are reassured by seeing the natives in their shirt-sleeves, nor tumble to the sheep-skin ulster worn beneath.

The leading industries are politics, tourists, climate, and leisure. Gossip and antiquities are also manufactured in a quiet way. Nobody is ever in a hurry, and while half the population is doing nothing, the other half is helping them, no bread being considered better than half a "loaf." The popular motto for everything is "*poco tiempo*," which is the Spanish perversion of "pretty soon." The city itself, however, will not be *poco tiempo*.

The leading hotel is a short distance out of town. Its guests all wear striped suits, merely for the sake of uniformity. They all are from other parts of the Territory, the courts having decided that solitary confinement is no punishment to one accustomed to the giddy whirl of Santa Fé society.

There are more burros to the square inch in Santa Fé than anywhere else on earth. Even a prairie-dog town takes off its hat in humble recognition of the superiority. These pocket editions of the donkey are subsid-



ized to promenade the streets at a maddening gait of sixty hours per mile, to give the town a picturesque appearance. They carry kidney-shaped symposiums of cordwood on their backs, wherever the streets are wide enough. There is also a two-legged variety that carries the wood in its head.

Every afternoon at four o'clock the military band plays

sweetly in the plaza. It is not sweetness and light, for the band is colored. So is the Santa Fé opinion of it. The most popular official fails of re-election if the other party can show that he ever failed to promenade in the plaza during one of the band concerts. A stranger who once spoke in a loud and unbecoming tone of voice during one of these B. C.'s, and failed to remove his hat, was found next morning in strict accord with a lamp-post and his deserts.

The pride of Santa Fé is the old Guadalupe Church—the oldest in the United States. The age goes with the site, which is prehistoric. The building itself was erected several centuries later.



The door is always locked, and the windows

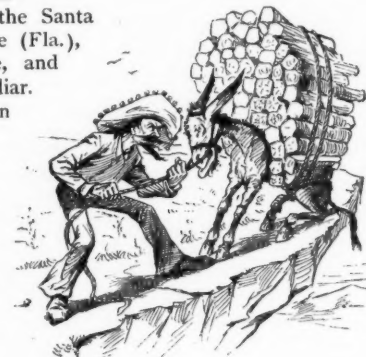
are placed twelve feet from the floor, to prevent the congregation from remembering previous engagements when the hat is passed. It costs two bits to see this church, but the site is well worth the money.

The climate is very hard on the hair. It drops out between acts and at other times. This fact has given many strangers a mistaken idea of the ladies of Santa Fé. The principal mountain, Old Baldy, is also a victim to this capillary detraction.

Only three things worry the Santa Féan—the age of St. Augustine (Fla.), the arrogance of Albuquerque, and the glibness of the California liar. They are the only competition Santa Fé acknowledges, but she believes she has them all beaten.

Santa Fé has already the Territorial capital, the pen. and a military post; and steps are now taken to have it made military headquarters; or, failing in that, to have celestial headquarters removed hither.

Chas. F. Lummis.



"BROKE!"

He had an abiding faith in the lottery;
About his belief in Fate, he'd tell.
But his fate was that of the piece of pottery
Which went too often to the well.

A RUDE DOG.

"I don't think that dog of yours is very polite," said the tramp.
"Why?" asked the dog's owner.
"Because he made me get up off the grass, and then took my seat," answered the tramp, adjusting his coat-tails to make them cover as much space as possible.

HIS DISTINCTION.

"I am proud of my title 'Honest John,'" observed Wanamaker.
"It is a distinction when one trains with your crowd," put in a candid friend.

MODESTY.

The man who thinks he knows it all
Upon his nose may take a fall;
But he who sometimes is in doubt,
May find that weakness helps him out.

DEATH PREFERABLE TO THE CURE.

"What you need is a series of mud baths."
"Doctor," returned the patient firmly, "I'll die before I go into politics."

NO USE FOR ANY OF THEM.

"It's funny, is n't it?" he said to his companion, as they were riding uptown on the elevated railroad.

"What's funny?"

"That there are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages in the world, and not one of them is good enough for that brakeman."

SEMPER IDEM.



I.
A. D. 1870.
WITHIN THE PUBLIC square upon a clumsy stand
The "favorite son" of Haytown rants
and shouts;
With cheers the ambient air is filled on every
hand
From boozy churls and predatory louts.

II.
A. D. 1880.
The "favorite son" is dead; but where in years ago
His tireless voice in stentor cadence fell,
To-day in brilliant bronze his features proudly glow,
And, as of yore, the churls excited yell.

III.
A. D. 1890.
The statue stands in dusty mould from top to base,
Half lost beneath the grass that round it grows;
A noisy donkey brays toward the brazen face.

How little change the wide world undergoes!

William E. S. Fales.

CHILDERS GIVES ADVICE.

"You look worried, my dear," said Childers, when he came home from the office the other day. "What is the matter?"

"The children have been very tiresome to-day," replied Mrs. Childers, wearily. "It seemed as if they would make me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Childers, with considerable energy. "Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Willie, don't talk when Papa's talking—just deal with them gently but firm—Did you hear me, Willie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—Silence, Willie, this instant!—all right. As for letting 'em worry—Don't pull on my pockets, Dick—letting 'em worry—Dick! don't pull on my pockets, I said—worry—Will you take your hands out or not? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now, you—What's Willie making such a racket about Annie? Great Scott! he's got my silk hat. Take it—hang it up high. Now, Dick, if you cry you'll have—Lord, they've both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 's if the minute I come into the house—I can't talk!—I can't think. Won't you take 'em off to bed? My gracious! I'll bet if I was home I'd—"

But as the boys clattered away up the stairs with their tired Mama, Childers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he was home. M. W.



VERY ACCOMPLISHED.

MISS DE MUIR.—How charming you look to-day!

MISS DE MEANOR (*slightly dyspeptic*).—I regret that I can not say as much for you.

MISS DE MUIR (*sweetly*).—You could, dear, if you were as accomplished a liar as I am.

AN EXPURGATED JOKE.

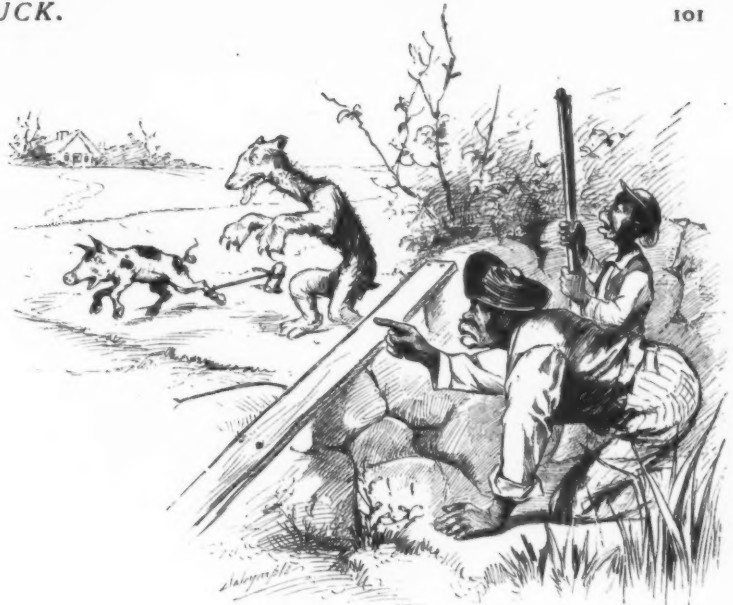
"What kind of a climate has H—ligoland?"

"Rather d—mp, I fancy."

THE OLDEST INHABITANT is an interesting personage; but he does n't make half as much noise in his immediate locality as the youngest inhabitant does.

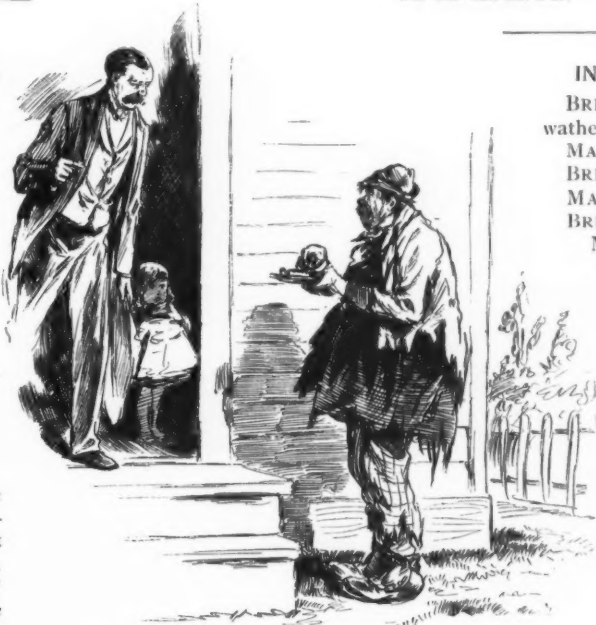
AN IDLE THOUGHT—"Wonder When I Can Get a Job?"

ONE WAY of telling a paper's position is to observe what it does n't comment on editorially.



NOT UP TO THE BAIT.

SWAMP-GUNNER.—Hi! Rufey, run an' git d' hawg. He's wuf mo' den dat b'ar.



IN A NEW COUNTRY HOUSE.

BRIDGET.—Phwat 's the matther wid the wather, Mary?

MARY.—You mean the color?

BRIDGET.—I do. It's shtained, it is.

MARY.—It's rain water.

BRIDGET.—An' do they dhrink rain wather?

MARY.—Certainly.

BRIDGET.—Sure that 's the furst I iver heard of that. In the ould country we dhrink no rain wather. We may be poor, but, thank God, we're not ignorant!

THE JURY.

We daze them by quibbles,
Confuse them with riddles,
And tell the truth—by littles;
But back their sense dribbles,
When in their poor middles
They feel the need of "vittles."

A DAMPENER.

MAN OF THE HOUSE (*just arrived from the city*).—Ah, I did n't know we had a guest. Would n't you like a little—er—liquid refreshment before you eat?

WANDERING PELEG.—I seldom refuse, sir.



MAN OF THE HOUSE.—Looks as though he were going to this time, any how.

CHARITABLE BUT CAUTIOUS.



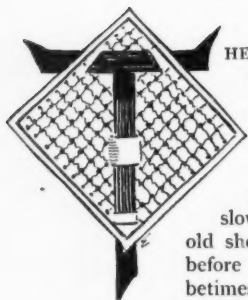
KIND-HEARTED CITIZEN (*after hearing the story*).—Young man, although you have just come out of prison, do not despair. You have an honest face, and, as you want to reform, I will ask a friend of mine to give you employment. Call at my office, J. Goodsole & Co., in the Skihigh Building, at four to-morrow afternoon.



KIND-HEARTED CITIZEN (*next day*).—I will be back in a few moments, William. I expect a young man with a wen on his cheek about four. Put the French clock, my overcoat and my silver paper-cutter in the closet, and if he calls, don't take your eyes off him until I return.

HOW TO MAKE A WILL.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.



HE SCRATCHING of Lawyer McPhee's pen was the only sound which broke the stillness in the gathering twilight of the dingy law office. Other men, through with the work and cares of the busy day, had betaken themselves to their various homes; but the lawyer still lingered, laboring slowly and carefully away on the old sheet of legal cap which lay before him, pausing thoughtfully betimes with head on one side, examining it critically.

"He is making his will," whispered "Bump on Marriage and Divorce," to his old friend "Jones on Wills and Mortgages," whom a careless office-boy had placed away out of his usual corner, beyond a row of authorities on criminal jurisprudence.

"Oh, I guess not," replied the other confidently from his sheep-bound covers; "he has n't consulted me at all yet."

A strange, hoarse gurgle mingled with the sound of the scratching of the pen.

It was the first time Lawyer Gouger McPhee had laughed in ten years.

The droning hum of the High Court of Appeals was stealing through the Summer air. It is about the only thing besides the legal fraternity that is allowed to steal in open court. An indolent flapping of fans was the only motion visible, except the nodding of the janitor in a rear seat. The decision in the celebrated contested will case of the heirs of Gouger McPhee, deceased, affirming that of the lower court, was being read, and, as usual, the construction of the will was directly opposite that evidently intended by

the testator. The different moneys of the vast estate, bequeathed to distant and bogus relatives, and to ridiculous and unnecessary charities, were decreed to the widow and children of said McPhee, where they properly belonged.

The droning hum of the Court of Appeals still droned on. There was again the slow flapping of fans, which had been for a moment disturbed. The members of the bar still chewed thoughtfully away on borrowed tobacco, or were borrowing more, while the janitor on the back seat ceased nodding for a moment to brush away a fly which he heard buzzing about his ears.

It was not a fly, but the ghost of Lawyer Gouger McPhee laughing over the success of his scheme.

Lester L. Farnsworth.



UNKIND.

MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES (*née* CLEEVER).—You don't mean to tell me that Stuyvesant Van Knicker is really engaged to that Miss Brown? I wonder at his taste—a girl of absolutely no family.

MR. RIVES.—That is very true, dear; but you know she is really very pretty; and as for family, perhaps your Papa might remedy that. I believe he used to advertise "families supplied."

HE AGREED.

RUGGLES.—They say it is unhealthy to carpet a room.

INGRANE.—Should n't wonder; I've had a lame back ever since I laid the last one.

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

MR. MANN.—Good gracious, Maria! why have you that stern, hard look on your face this morning?

MRS. MANN (*grimly*).—This is Bargain Day!

A COMMON VARIETY.

"What sort of man is he?"

"He is a man whom no one would be surprised to find endeavoring to convert Herbert Spencer to Synthetic Philosophy, or doing his best to make Darwin believe in the Origin of Species."

MAN NEVER wants to be an angel until he has failed at about everything else.

NOT TO BLAME.

JAMES WHITCOMB you are not to blame
For signing with your well-known name
Erratic poems, here and there;

I think you

A ON T
C H
T E
D SQUARE.

But little did you think, I ween,
That imitators, fresh and green,
Like circus horses, following,

Would chase your poems



To follow out this simile
I think you will with me agree
That they, to ape the circus clown,
Would place their letters

Such antics as these, Riley, dear,
Our sober moments fail to cheer.
Chastise them, therefore, till they mend

And make their hair to

STAND
ON
END.

Should kindness fail to stop their noise,
(And they are most persistent boys,)
Then, Riley, try not them to snub,

But smash their heads in with a



Fred. Stansbury.

THE SIDE THE LAUGH IS ON.

PROTECTIONIST.—Look at the English capitalists who are buying up
American woolen manufactories because they find the industry remunera-
tive! What do you Free-traders think of that? ha! ha! ha!

TARIFF REFORMER.—Look at the American manufacturers who are
selling out to the Englishmen! Is it because they find the industry remu-
nerative? What do you Protectionists think of that? ha! ha! ha!



MUTUAL RECOLLECTIONS.

N. Y. POLICE JUSTICE.—Never been here before? It
seems to me I remember your face.

MR. TUFF.—Thank Yure Honor; we met wanst at a slug-
gin' match at Teddy McGonigle's, before Yure Honor came to
the Binch. Can't yez let me off aisy for the sake av ould times?

SUCCI ALL RIGHT.

DOBBINS.—I see that Signor Succi, the famous Italian, faster has
arrived in New York.

BOBBINS.—Well, a man like him can afford to live in a high tariff
country.

THE STREET-PAVOR'S DREAM.

NO MORE stones to heap,
No more sand to sweep,
Nothing, but loaf and sleep.

No more rainy day,
No more frozen clay,
Nothing — but draw your pay.

M. S. B.



AN UNFORTUNATE OMISSION.

M. ANGELO QUIGLEY.—Don't you think those are lovely
flesh tints I have managed to get into that picture?

RAPHAEL SQUEERS.—I do, indeed. Isn't it a pity we
can't have such tints in Nature!

AN EXPERT.

MRS. KYDD (*suspiciously*).—John, you never told me you were a
widower!

MR. KYDD (*astonished*).—Why, bless me, I ain't!

MRS. KYDD.—But you know just how to hold the baby.

MR. KYDD.—Maria, you have forgotten that there were fourteen
children in my mother's family, and that we lived in the country.

AT THE LIFE-SAVING STATION.

MRS. SANDS (*to CAPTAIN*).—Help!
Help! There's a man lying on the beach,
almost dead!

CAPTAIN LIFELINES (*hurrying to the
place*).—What's the matter with him?
Was he drowned?

MRS. SANDS.—No — starved. He
boarded in a cheap Summer-hotel!

A SMOKE HOUSE — The Opium Joint.

NOAH'S ARC — The Rainbow.

THE CAT HAS nine lives, and spends
them all in vocal culture.

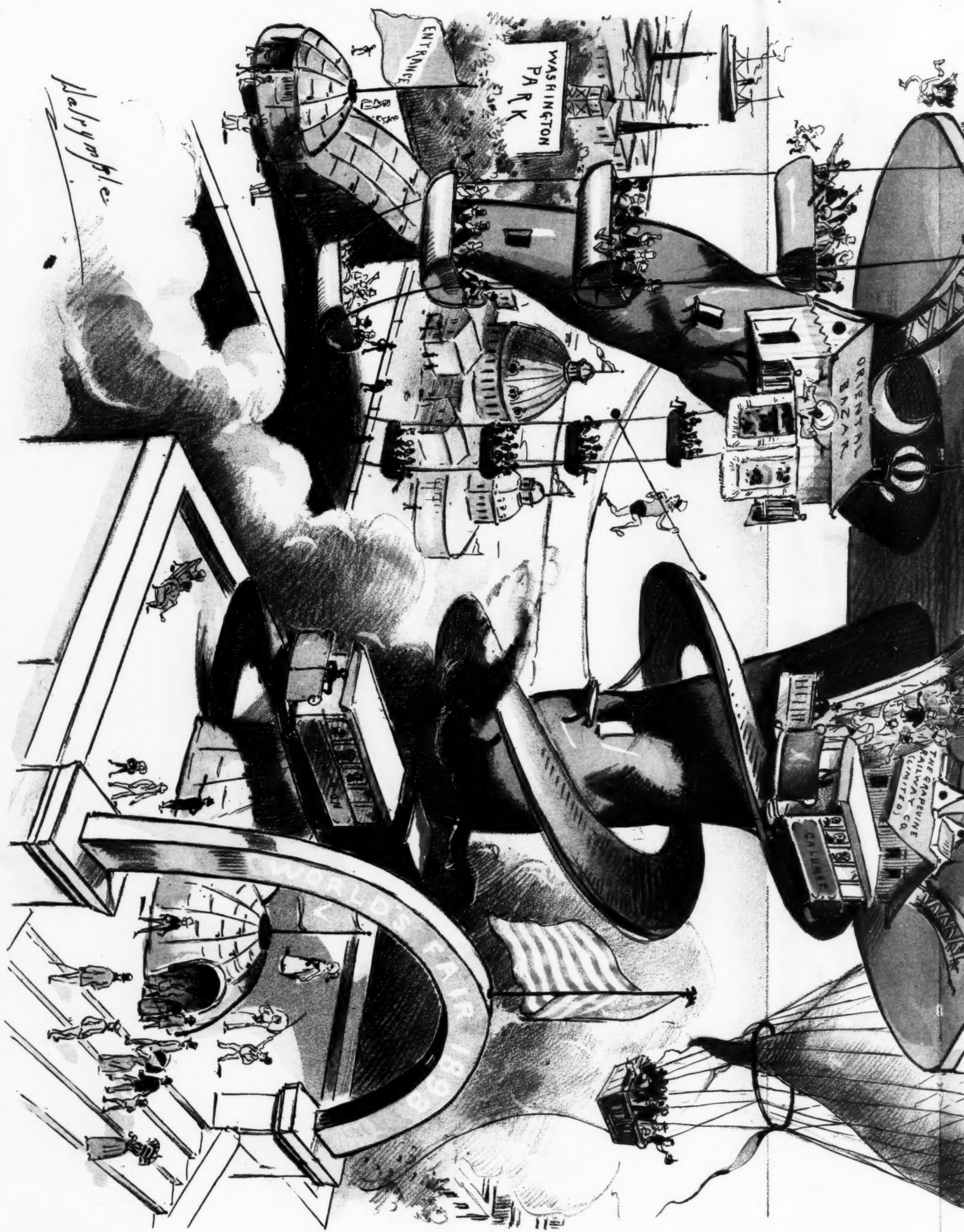
WHEN DOCTORS bungle, lawyers quibble,
Statesmen cant and parsons bibble,
A title seems a very blister
To him who calls himself plain Mr.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"Hitting the Pipe."

PUCK'S SUGGESTION FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR — THE "COLOSSUS OF CHICAGO" WOULD KNOCK OUT THE EIFFEL TOWER.



THE ORIGINAL PRISON

WAR RELICS MUSEUM

CONCERT EVERY HOUR

SODA

REFRESHMENTS

TRY THE SWITCH-BACK R.R.

RIFLE RANGE

GALLOW'S ON WHICH THE BRANCHES WERE HUNG

LIB. PRISON

LABOR BIE

PEEP

THE GRAPEVINE RAILWAY CO. (LIMITED)



THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF A DILATORNARIAN.

MR. ROORBACH.—Good evenin', sah. I c'ngratulates yo' on d' finish ob a halid day's w'uk.

DEACON WAUKLEY (returning from a stint at white-washing).—Yo' does?

MR. ROORBACH.—Yassir. I's pow'ful glad dat yo' kin tek a res' in d' bosom ob yo' fambly, wid d' conscience dat yo' 's puffed a duty dat 's well done.

DEACON WAUKLEY.—Da' 's pretty.

MR. ROORBACH.—Pleasant kind ob evenin', ain't it?

DEACON WAUKLEY (with a gleam in both eyes).—Fo' some kind o' folks whad 's 'spectable, an' ac's on d' squar', hit 's clean glory; but fo' triflin', young dandy niggahs, hit 's li'ble t' hurricane any minute—is yo' lissenin'?

MR. ROORBACH.—Is yo' 'ludin' dem remahks onter me, Deac'n?

DEACON WAUKLEY.—I is, an' yo' wanter 'malgamate 'm raight down in d' bottom ob yo' soul-casin'. Whad 's yo' intentions wid regards t' Blossom Waukley? Das whad I 's wrastlin' wid!

MR. ROORBACH.—M-M-M-me?

DEACON WAUKLEY.—Yas, yo', yo' snail! Dem remahks 's 'luded onter d' wuffless, onreliable, dilitory pusson da' 's been tekin' from fo' t' seben squar' meals heah f' d' las' ten months, at d' sem time wearin' d' paint offer dat bench, hummin' sarrynades dat would dribe a saw-mill out ob business, an' keepin' hahd-wuckin' an' 'spectable young cull'd fellers away from jess 's good a gal 's eber put bluein' t' watah. Da' 's who I 's 'ludin' dem remahks onter!

MRS. WAUKLEY.—Dat ain't p'lite to our gues', Deac'n; 'deed it ain't.

DEACON WAUKLEY.—P'lite or not, some folks has gotter git surgicalled 'fore dey gits dere sense succulatin'.

MR. ROORBACH.—You 's mitey, mitey hahd on a pore feller whad doan' mean no hahm, Deac'n Waukley.

DEACON WAUKLEY.—I 's gwine t' be hahder on yo' 'fore I gits froo. D' hahdness ob wohds ain't nuffin' t' d' hahdness ob cowhide boots, Mistah Roorbach. I wants t' know whad yo' 's puttin' in fohteen hours out'n d' twonny-fo' 'round yere foh! Da' 's d' sec'n' thing I wants t' know!

MR. ROORBACH.—Yo' 's fo'ced me, Deac'n, en I mus' say dat I lubs yo' daughter t' d' aidge ob insanity.

MISS WAUKLEY.—G-G-Glle—w-how-ow!

MR. ROORBACH.—Criss-cross hones! I does, Blossy, en' yo' knows hit.

DEACON WAUKLEY.—Well, whad 's yo' gwine to do, if yo' does, yo' preecrastinator? Is yo' gwine t' set all yo' life on one en' ob dat bench, gummin' out wohds dat 'd ketch bees, an' breavin' so hahd dat ebry mule whad goes by gits scart, or is yo' gwine t' git a move on yer, borry, beg 'r steal a white-wash wand, an' mek tracks fer a job dat 'll pay d' milk-man when yo' gits married? Is yo' or is n' yo'? An' shout hit out quick, fer mah raight foot is itchin' an' burnin' like d' mischief.

MR. ROORBACH.—Why, Deacon, yo' tek d' wohds raight out'n mah mout. I kem ober heah t' night t' ax 'f yo' had objections t' Blossom an' me hitchin' d' knot dat binds two beats—dat binds two heart-beats dat—

BLOSSOM.—Wee-hoo-ggll-wough!

DEACON WAUKLEY.—Hol' on, Mistah Roorbach, yo' 's gittin' mixed up laik a grain ob san' in a bar'l ob lime. Yo' bettah let me finish d' speech fo' yo'. Whad yo' 's gittin' at is sump'n laik d' follerin': "Deacon Waukley, Hones' an' 'spected Sir: I 's in lub wid yo' daughter Blossom, an' wan's t' marry her nex' Chuesday night. I 'll 'gree t' git d' pahson, an' hab d' weddin' nuptialalites at yo' house, an' pay d' bills, includin' dat five dollars I borry'd ob yo' t' go t' 'Publican c'nvention las' yeah." Ain't dat whad yo' wanter say? (Draws back his right foot the fraction of an inch.)

MR. ROORBACH (promptly).—Yassir! How illiquent yo' is!

DEACON WAUKLEY.—Da' 's good. Now yo' wait heah twell we hab suppah, an' den I 'll kim out 'n' gib yo' some advice 'bout house-keepin'.

MRS. WAUKLEY.—Sho! Dat ain't hospitly. Yo' come raight in 's usual, Mistah Roorbach.

MR. ROORBACH.—I 'm 'bleeged t' yer; but I could n' eat a mossel t' night t' sabe mah sperrit!

MISS WAUKLEY.—Gggl-ggl-chk-ll-weough!

J. S. G.

GREAT PRIVATION.

DYSART.—What terrible hardships Stanley had to undergo in Africa!

NEVILL.—Ya-as, so I 've heard.

DYSART.—He even says that he had to wear a pair of trousers which were cut from an old blanket, and another pair cut from the curtain of his tent.

NEVILL.—Poor fellah! I 'm deuced glad I 'm not an explovah.

EASILY UNDERSTOOD.

GENTLEMAN (to BEGGAR).—What has brought you to this condition?

BEGGAR.—Sympathy, sor.

GENTLEMAN.—Sympathy?

BEGGAR.—Yis, sor. A gang o' fool workmen a t'ousand moiles away wint out on stroik, an' thin we sthruck troo sympathy, sor.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.
An Ab-original Package.

TIME is a great smasher of old ideals. When Cincinnatus went back to the plow, was n't he putting in a bid for the Granger Vote?



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.
An After-Dinner Speaker.



DIRGE AND A COUNTER-DIRGE.

I.
 "LET A TENDER song be sung—
 Let a prayer be said;
 Let a solemn bell be rung—
 Love is dead."

Frank Dempster Sherman, in Scribner's.

II.
 LET YOUR tender song go West,
 Leave your prayer unsaid—
 Take a reef, sir, in your vest,
 Love 's not dead.

If you don't believe this true,
 Time it is you sped
 Down to where the ocean blue
 Hath its bed.

There you 'll see both man and maid,
 Gentle Jane and Jed,
 Who will make your notions fade—
 You 're misled.

Seek the noble mountain heights,
 'Neath the Heavens spread;
 There you 'll hear engaged wights'
 Steady tread.

Anywhere, on land or sea,
 King's palace or in shed,
 You will find L-O-V-E
 'Way ahead.

Therefore stow your solemn dirge;
 Chimes be muffled,
 Take your next poetic splurge—
 Paint it red.

Let your tender song be gay,
 Let us hear it said:
 Not "Love 's gone," but "come to stay,"
 Sir, instead.

J. K. B.

THAT SETTLES IT.

"Is that new novel really as bad as you say it is?"
 "Certainly! Why, my dear fellow, it is going to be dramatized!"



TAKEN TO HIMSELF.

COLONEL FORTS, U. S. ARMY (*talking shop, with the MAJOR*).—I 'm getting tired of it! The service is nowhere near what it ought to be.

THE WAITER.—Sure, me fut shipped on th' flure, sor; but Oi 'll thry t' do betther.



EDUCATIONAL.

FARMER HAYRIGGIN.—Here I read o' college men twenty-five years old. It seems a pity to waste so much time on schoolin'!

FARMER SUMMERBORDER.—Humph! You hain't seen so much o' those fellers as I have. Ef some o' them were to study till they wuz fifty they would n't know any too much!

TWO PAINFUL SURPRISES;
ONE STATUESQUE, ONE GRAMMATICAL.

An Encounter Before Burns's Statue.

I MET A SPOOK one night in Central Park,
 'T was genial Bobbie Burns's ghost set free—
 And, as I looked, he wept there in the dark—
 "Alas!" he cried, "To think that that is me!"

ENOUGH TO GO ROUND.

TOM.—I say, Bob, are you superstitious about dining with thirteen at the table?

BOB.—That depends—

TOM.—Depends upon what?

BOB.—The dinner.

POLITENESS GENERALLY PAYS.

A gentleman who gave up his seat to a lady on an elevated train, afterward found out that she had been robbed while occupying it.

"THE HEIR BITES SHREWD-
 LY," remarked Uncle Skinner, admiringly, as his eight-year-old nephew put his teeth into the quarter that he had just received as a present.

THE CHINESE LAUNDRYMAN never strikes while the iron is hot. He sticks to his job.

IF THE STAGE sets the fashions, mankind will have to put on smoked glasses after we are visited by the coming mob of Cleopatras.

THOSE WHO THINK exactly alike do not make the best friends. People who move in parallel lines can never get together.

WE MAY SHUT our eyes to a painful truth; but we don't shut our ears—
 —if it's about somebody else.

ENDLESS GOOD HUMOR—A Life Subscription to PUCK.

WHEN DISTANCE lends enchantment, our joy is but a borrowed one.

A GOOD JEST is like a diamond. Its sparkle is often the result of much patient grinding.



PICTURES FROM THE PORTS.

"In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three;
 Now who will stand on either hand
 And keep the Bridge with me!"

Macaulay.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

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Ginger-


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IT IS NOW MADE AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING
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TEACHER.—Now, Ashton, if it costs me twelve cents to buy one cat, what will twelve cats cost me?

ASHTON.—You need not buy twelve cats. Buy one, and in a little while you will have a dozen.—*The Conglomerate.*

TED.—I'm going to run him a race for Dolly's hand.

NED.—Then it will be a sack race for one of you.—*The Week's Sport.*

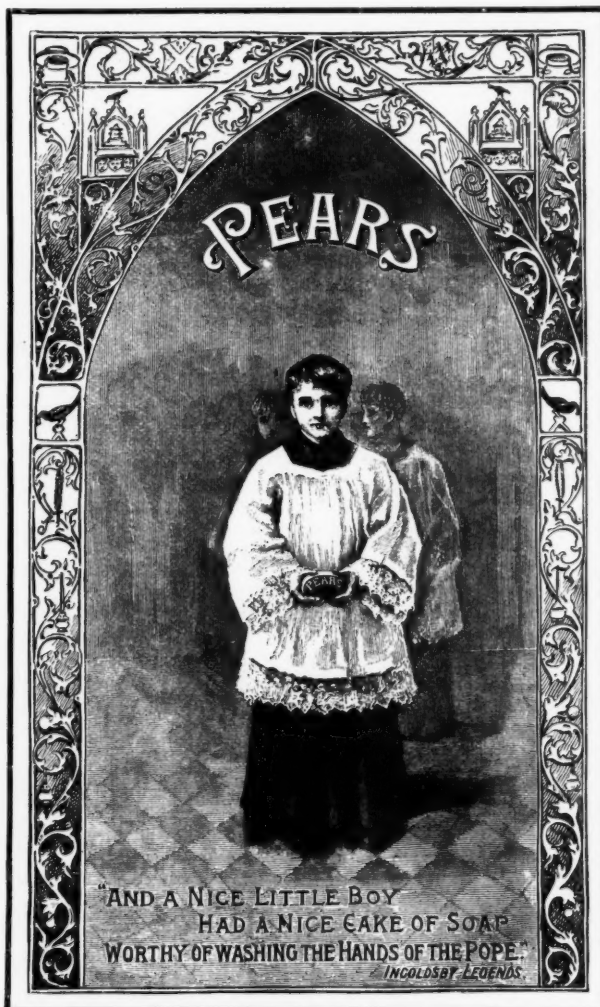
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HER CONSTELLATION.

MRS. HARASSALL.—I am completely worn out listening to the everlasting practising of that girl next door.

BOBBY HARASSALL.—I wish we could send her to—to—to—her own constellations.

MRS. HARASSALL.—Where?

BOBBY HARASSALL.—To the Virgin and the Scales.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

AUTUMN COMPLEXIONS.

MR. RICHFELLO (*in an "L" train*).—What a lovely complexion that girl has!

SEASIDE BELLE.—Yes; she looks as if she'd been shut up in town all Summer.—*New York Weekly.*

SMOKERS SHOULD NOTICE THE ADVERTISEMENT IN OUR TO-
DAY'S ISSUE, OF THE "TIGER CUBANA" CIGAR. 993

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made up in newest designs. Catalogue free.
Mention Puck. 259*

PATIENT.—Why do they always put red lights
in druggists' windows?

DR. FAITHCURE.—Danger signals—Beware
the drug!—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

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your business letters.

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a good sized bill of goods.

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Grade C.—Fine custom-made Shirts, open front or back, or open both front and back, with one or two piece neck band, plain or plaited bosoms (2,200 linen), bodies in any muslin desired, 6 for **\$9.00**. Laundered, \$1.00 extra.

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AGASSIZ SAID OF CORONADO BEACH, SAN DIEGO CO., CALIFORNIA: "A CLIMATE THAT HAS NO EQUAL." WRITE TO E. S. BARCOCK, JR., FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET. 997

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

CLATTERTON.—They say that professional base-ball is taken from the old game of rounders.

HARDKNOCK.—Yes; and now there are a lot of professional rounders that ought to be taken from the game of base-ball.—*The Week's Sport*.

THE mosquito is a desperately wicked creature. It never rests till it gets "behind the bars."—PUCK. And he's a green commercial creature that offers his note before putting in his bill.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

TOMMY JUDKINS.—Papa, what do they mean by a selling race? Is any thing actually sold?

JUDKINS, Sr.—Yes, my son; and it is usually the public.—*The Week's Sport*.

THE SHOWER OF TEARS.

MAUDE.—I wanted George to take me to the theatre the other night, but he pleaded another engagement. Then I cried, and he came around after that, all right.

ALICE.—Why, he's a regular rain-beau, is n't he?

MAUDE.—What do you mean?

ALICE.—He came around after the shower.—*Light*.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

MINERVA LAPSUSLING.—I am surprised to find you in this beautiful day. So glad, though.

MRS. SMOOTHLEIGH.—I had thought of driving in the park, but I am very glad now that I did not.

MINERVA LAPSUSLING.—I always choose the fine days for calling. Nearly all my friends are out, and I get over so much ground in a short time.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

THERE wasn't enough of the Swiss revolution to go round.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

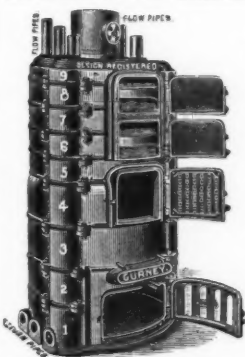
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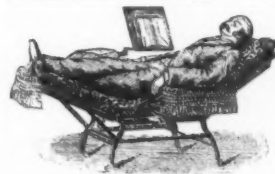
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Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer

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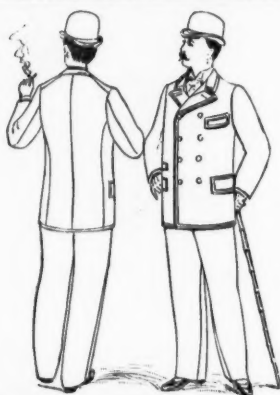


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COULD N'T TAKE THEM.

"I see Harrison has left the mountains and gone to Washington."

"He had to leave them. Nobody made them a gift to him, did they?"—*Philadelphia Times*.

THE PLUMBER AND ICEMAN NOWHERE.

If the Autumn op'ning shall prove not a rude one And the present high prices for berries remain, The cranberry grower, whose crop is a good one, On the iceman and plumber will look with disdain.—*Cape Cod Item*.

STILL BETTER.

Two vessels belonging to the New Haven Steamship Company collided in New York harbor, and instead of declaring it an act of Providence, the company has gone one better and found that neither captain was to blame, but the tide ought to have been running the other way.—*Detroit Free Press*.

WOMAN'S taste in purchasing cigars for her husband is about on a par with man's taste in purchasing bonnets for his wife.—*Boston Traveler*.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

DISSOLVES STONE IN THE BLADDER.

A case stated by Dr. C. H. S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn., in the "*New England Medical Monthly*" for July, 1890. See page 469 of that journal.

Mr. R. L. Roys, of this city, consulted me about two years ago for stone in the bladder, from which he had been suffering for a number of years. On my suggestion he commenced the use of the Buffalo Lithia Water, as he was very much opposed to operative interference. After using the water for a short time, disintegration to a certain extent took place and large quantities of stone were passed. For several days in succession, he passed as much as a teaspoonful of the debris, and at intervals for a considerable period he passed large quantities, and under the continued use of the water, there was a constant passage of calculi until he was entirely relieved of his trouble.



The photograph sent herewith is a correct representation and exact size of some of the largest specimens of calculi discharged by Mr. Roys. A chemical and microscopical analysis showed that they are uric acid with a trace of the oxalate of lime.

WATER IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN HALF-GALLON BOTTLES, \$5.00, F. O. B. HERE.

THOS. F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

JUST LIKE GROWN FOLKS.

Said little Grace to little Bess:

"I guess I'll make my doll a dress."

Said little Bess to little Grace:

"I think you'd better wash its face!"

"Wash its face, indeed!" cried Grace,

—In conscious wisdom she grew prouder—

"I'll do like grown up ladies do,

Just put on grease and lots of powder!"

—*Epoch*.

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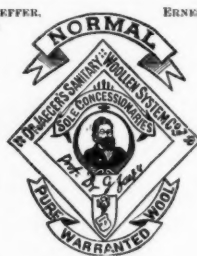
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MR. WEDGEWOOD.—No, and I don't think anybody else will be able to find him there.—*Ex.*



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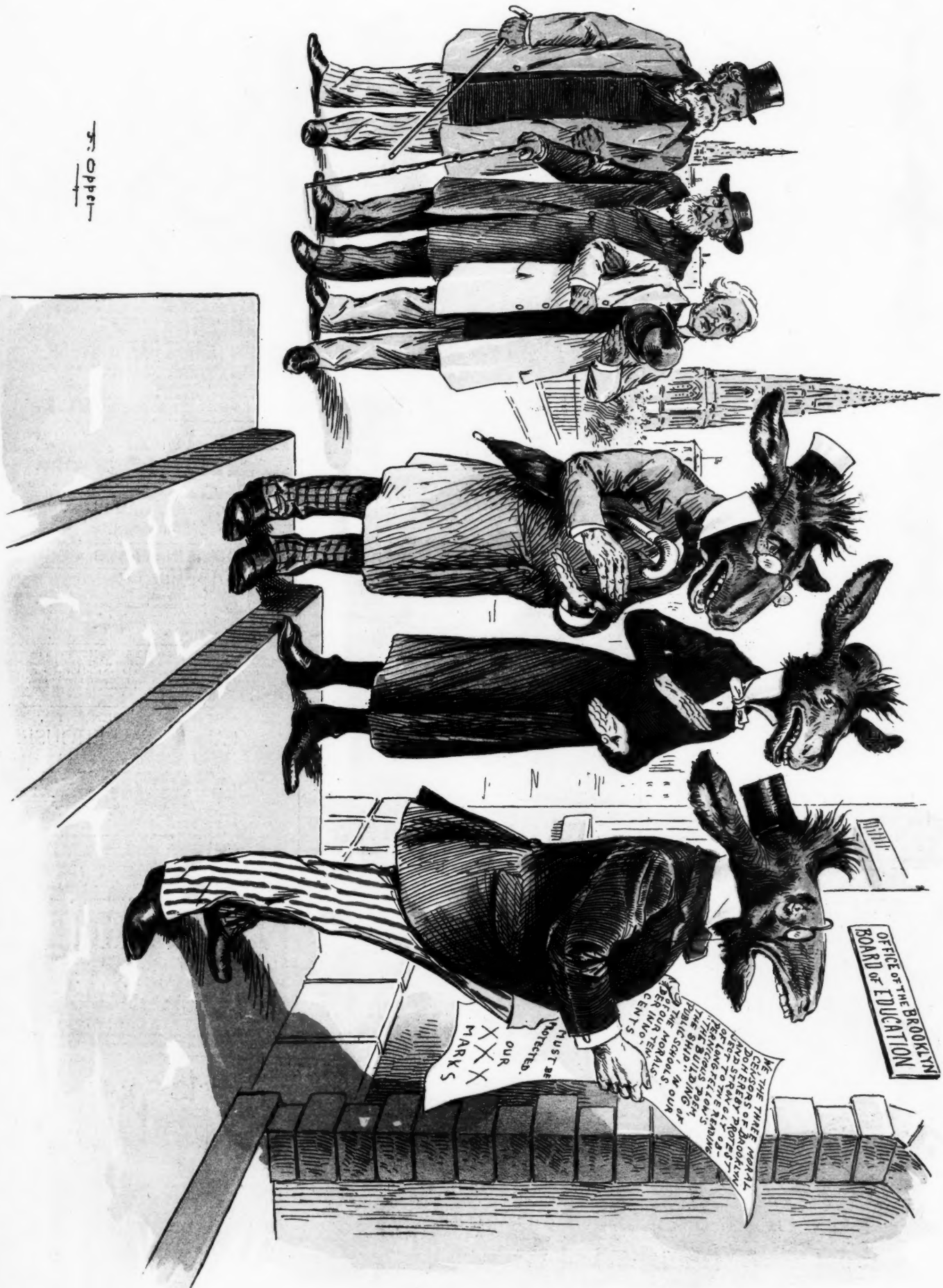
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THE HIGHEST POINT OF BROOKLYN MORALITY REACHED AT LAST.
LOWELL, WHITTIER AND HOLMES.—If Longfellow is found improper, what hope is there for us?